

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

ROSEBROOK FARM

RURAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

PS635  
19097

BY

AROLYN CAVERLY CUTTING

DICK & FITZGERALD  
PUBLISHERS  
18 Ann Street, New York

## PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	F
CRANFORD DAMES. 2 Scenes; 1½ hours.....	8
GERTRUDE MASON, M.D. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	7
CHEERFUL COMPANION. 1 Act; 25 minutes.....	2
LESSON IN ELEGANCE. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
MAIDENS ALL FORLORN. 3 Acts; 1¼ hours.....	6
MURDER WILL OUT. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	6
ROMANCE OF PHYLLIS. 3 Acts; 1¼ hours.....	4
SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS. 1 Act; 45 minutes.....	5
OUTWITTED. 1 Act; 20 minutes .....	3
WHITE DOVE OF ONEIDA. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	4
SWEET FAMILY. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	8
BELLES OF BLACKVILLE. 1 Act; 2 hours.....	30
PRINCESS KIKU. (25 cents).....	13
RAINBOW KIMONA. (25 cents.) 2 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9
MERRY OLD MAIDS. (25 cents.) Motion Song.....	11

## PLAYS FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	M
APRIL FOOLS. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	3
BYRD AND HURD. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	6
DARKEY WOOD DEALER. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	3
WANTED, A MAHATMA. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
HOLY TERROR. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
MANAGER'S TRIALS. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	9
MEDICA. 1 Act; 35 minutes.....	7
NIGGER NIGIIT SCHOOL. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	6
SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	5
WANTED, A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. 1 Act; 30 minutes	6
SNOBSON'S STAG PARTY. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	12
PICKLES AND TICKLES. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	6
HARVEST STORM. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	10
CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI. Mock Trial; 2 hours....	28
DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# ROSEBROOK FARM

*A Rural Comedy in Three Acts*

By AROLYN CAVERLY CUTTING

Author of "Rosemary"

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY DICK & FITZGERALD

NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN STREET

NOTE.—The professional acting rights of this play are expressly reserved by the publishers, to whom theatrical managers who wish to produce it should apply. Amateur representation may be made without such application and without charge.

# ROSEBROOK FARM

## CHARACTERS

PS635  
29 C97

DARIUS ROWE	<i>Proprietor of the farm</i>
THOMAS ROWE, <i>his son</i>	<i>Student at Harvard</i>
BROMFIELD AMESFORD	<i>An admirer of Browning</i>
SILAS PARTRIDGE	<i>The village ne'er-do-well</i>
BEN	<i>The hired man</i>
LEONIDAS	<i>The chore boy</i>
LETITIA ROWE	<i>Sister and housekeeper of Mr. Rowe</i>
ALYS HODGE	<i>The hired help</i>
MARIAN SIBLEY	<i>An orphan employed by Miss Rowe</i>
MRS. VAN CORT	<i>From New York</i>
WILLA VAN CORT	<i>An old "young girl"</i>
TRYPHENA ADDAMS	<i>A maiden lady</i>
TRYPHOSA ADDAMS	<i>Miss Tryphena's younger sister</i>
PAGE JOHNSTON	<i>A young Southern lady of fortune</i>
ADELINA	<i>Miss Johnston's colored maid</i>

TIME.—The present.

LOCALITY.—Western Connecticut.

TIME OF PLAYING.—One and three quarter hours.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Parlor of the Rosebrook farm house. Summer afternoon. AUNT 'TISHY takes summer boarders. TOM goes back to the farm for his vacation. SILAS "liked to a died alaffin" at Tom's stories. DARIUS ROWE's prejudice against scientific farming. TOM recognizes the farm hand. The colt in the corn

patch. Miss ROWE puzzled about MARIAN. ADELINA threatens to "bodaciously" box LONNY's ears. She also recognizes the farm hand, but promises not to tell. AUNT 'TISHY and TOM have a good old talk. MARIAN denies knowing TOM and is discharged.

**Act II.**—Piazza of the Rosebrook farm house. An afternoon two months later. MISS WILLA'S and Miss TRYPHOSA'S age discussed. PAGE tells why her fiancé went away. ADELINA offers to pick de chickens, and TRYPHOSA offers to make angel cake. SILAS comes to see the ladies and tries to solve the mystery about MARIAN. DARIUS puzzled about the corn patch. LEONIDAS steals the berry pie. ALYS refuses to call TOM "Mister."

**Act III.**—Scene I, same as Act I. One month later. MR. AMESFORD announces his engagement. LONNY breaks the plates while hiding a letter. Another engagement. Congratulations. Page's dream. The successful corn crop. BEN admits having tried scientific farming. Mystery concerning the "hired man" is solved.

**SCENE II**, same as **SCENE I**. Next day. SILAS and Miss ROWE try to unravel the mystery about MARIAN. SILAS has the key to the "sitiwation." TOM and his aunt have another talk. TOM must see MARIAN. MARIAN comes back for an explanation and the mystery is solved. "Forgive TOM, if you can't forgive me." SILAS gets there for the "bless-ye-my-children act." Rejoicings at MARIAN's return. Happiness at Rosebrook Farm.

---

## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

**DARIUS ROWE.**—Age about 60. Wears outing shirt, trousers and white straw hat; he is a typical farmer.

**THOMAS ROWE.**—Age about 21. On first entrance he wears a dark traveling suit. Second entrance he is dressed like an ordinary farm hand, outing shirt, trousers and straw hat.

MR. BROOMFIELD AMESFORD.—Age about 45. He is dressed with much precision, in black.

SILAS PARTRIDGE.—Age about 45. Should look like the country ne'er do-well, outing shirt, trousers, coat and straw hat.

BEN.—An athletic looking young man of about 21. He is dressed like an ordinary farm hand.

LEONIDAS.—Age about 17. He is dressed like an ordinary farm hand.

LETITIA ROWE.—Age about 55. She wears ordinary house dresses.

ALYS HODGE.—Age about 30. Wears house dresses with apron.

MARIAN SIBLEY.—Age about 20. Black house dress with apron for Act I. Neat summer dress and hat for Act III.

ADELINA.—A colored girl of about 15. She wears a grotesque costume of red and yellow.

WILLA VAN CORT and TRYPHOSA ADDAMS.—Ages about 36. They wear light summer dresses, affecting youthfulness, with a touch of exaggeration.

MRS. VAN CORT.—Age about 60. She wears showy summer dresses.

TRYPHENA ADDAMS.—Age about 45. She wears ordinary summer dresses.

PAGE JOHNSTON.—Age about 20. Wears stylish summer dresses.

---

#### INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Watch for LETITIA ROWE. Cushions for ADELINA. Fancy work for the boarders. Ear of corn and letter for LEONIDAS. Flowers and vases.

---

#### STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; c, center of stage; d. c. door at center; d. r., door at right; d. l., door at left; UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

# ROSEBROOK FARM

---

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Parlor furnished in old-fashioned country style. Doors c. R. and L. Window down L. Table c. Sofa L. Chairs scattered about, mirror hung R. Footstool. Fan on sofa.* DISCOVERED ALYS at mirror arranging hair.

ALYS. Some way I can't seem to get my hair fixed to look like Marian's. If I could I guess I should be quite pretty, an' kinder catch Tom's eye. Catch me calling him Mr. Thomas as 'Tishy Rowe wants me to! I guess I remember when we went to deestrict school together. To be sure I was some older than he was, but my warn't he a cunning little chap? 'Tishy Rowe needn't think that I am agoin' to Mr. Tom him, nor Miss Rowe her, neither. I guess I am just as good as they are, if I do accommodate them when they need help. Bother the old hair! I guess there ain't enough of it to do it like Marian's.

ENTER LETITIA ROWE D. R.

MISS ROWE. Alys, it is time for you to help Marian get the supper. Why are you idling here? Mr. Thomas will be here soon. Go into the kitchen, do.

ALYS. Mr. Thomas! I call him Tom Rowe, jest as I did when I used to box his ears for stealin' our red-cheeked apples. An' I shan't call him anything else, 'Tishy Rowe, jest 'cause he's been to college, so there!

[EXIT ALYS, D. R.

MISS ROWE. The airs that girl gives herself. If she were not a smart girl to work I would never keep her.

Her name is Abigail Adelaide, and she calls herself Alice, and spells it with a y, too. But she's a good worker, and Tom knows how to smooth her the right way. Dear Tom. (*Looks at her watch*) It's time he were here. How long the year has seemed. But Tom has been a good boy to write to his old auntie who loves him as well as if he were her own. His poor mother would have been proud of him. (*Wipes her eyes*)

### ENTER DARIUS ROWE D. L.

MR. ROWE. What 'Tishy, you snivelling? 'Bout that young sprig, Tom, I'll be bound. Cheer up, old sis, you are too old to cry about the fellows.

MISS ROWE. You will always have your fun, D'rius, but you are just as anxious to set eyes on Tom again as I am.

MR. ROWE. Well, well, 'Tishy, I ain't denyin' it. Tom's a good fellow. He's wrote me reglar, and he ain't spent more money than he had to, I know that.

MISS ROWE. Well, I want Tom to have some spending money, and I believe these boarders are going to pay.

MR. ROWE. You better believe they'll pay, or they don't stay.

MISS ROWE. Now D'rius, you know what I mean. That's why I wanted to take boarders, so that Tom should have more spending money this last year in college.

MR. ROWE. Well, I guess you'll get enough of it. But I shall feel paid for what he has cost us when he is the leading doctor of this town. I am in hopes old Doctor Hammett will take him as his assistant.

MISS ROWE. Yes, and then Tom would get the practice when the old doctor dies.

MR. ROWE. Die! He'll never die. He'll just keep on growing thinner and drier, and some day he'll sail off in a high wind, horse and all, 'cause his horses are about as thin as he is.

MISS ROWE. How you do talk, D'rius! But there's no denying the doctor is close. Close as a tight boot! Think how he never would help his half-brother, the

minister over in Hanley. And the minister died poor as a church mouse, and now they tell me that his daughter has to go out to housework; as pretty a girl, they say, as ever you saw. And the doctor, her own uncle, with plenty of money.

MR. ROWE. He's a tight-fisted old sinner, but he's got feelings if one could get at 'em. Where's the girl gone?

MISS ROWE. I don't know. Silas Partridge says that she is pretty-behaved as can be, and good. But she is proud, and won't ask her uncle for a cent. (*Goes to window l.*) Here comes Tom now, bless his heart! How big and handsome he is!

MR. ROWE (*follows Miss Rowe to window*). That's Tom for sure, and Silas Partridge is driving the stage.

ENTER TOM D. L. *followed after a moment by SILAS PARTRIDGE*

TOM. Well, pater, how are you? (*Shakes hands heartily, and clasps his father upon the shoulder*)

MR. ROWE. Tom, my boy, we're glad to see you. Here's your aunt 'Tishy. (*TOM takes her in his arms*)

MISS ROWE. Tom, Tom, you've grown to be a man.

TOM. Well, don't let that scare you, auntie. That's what the girls like; and you are young and handsome as any of them.

MISS ROWE. Oh, Tom, you haven't changed a bit. (*Wipes her eyes*)

MR. ROWE. Tom, you sad rascal, none of that talk before your old dad.

TOM. Well, you know, pater, aunt 'Tishy is all the girl I've got.

SILAS PARTRIDGE (*comes forward*). Don't ye b'lieve him, Miss 'Tishy. He's a gay deceiver, an' a young gal like you ought to beware of him.

MR. ROWE. Ah, Silas, how are you?

SILAS. Wal, pretty well done up with this young sprout's stories. I've laffed steady ever since we left the Corners. Don't b'lieve he's done much studyin', 'cept studyin' mischief. Say, D'rius, do ye know what college

is for? Wal, I'll tell ye; it's for these 'ere young colts to gallop off their kickin' an' rarin' ways in, so't they'll be good for steady pullin' when they settle down. But talk 'bout studyin'! You get Mr. Tom here to tell you some of his games. I like to 'a died alaffin'. Tell them, Tom, about the bathin' suits an' the ragman, eh?

TOM. Hush up, Silas, and be off with you. The stage is waiting all this time, and old Turner won't let you drive it the next time he is laid up.

SILAS. Wal, good-bye Miss 'Tishy, don't let Tom get 'round ye. D'rius, you get him to tell ye that story. So long, Tom, guess I'll go 'round to the kitchin an' look at Abigail Adelaide a minit. [EXIT SILAS D. R.

TOM. Silas is just the same old sixpence as ever.

MISS ROWE. Yes, he always was a pest. And lazy! Mr. Turner never would have got him to drive the stage to-day if he hadn't known you were coming. He's kind of casting his eye at Alys; if he gets her he'll be some surprised. She'll work him. Well, Tom dear, I'll go and see about your supper.

TOM. That's right, auntie, I'm just about starved. I hope you have got one of your pan-dowdies. I've wanted one ever since I left home.

MISS ROWE. Tom, you know it ain't the time o' year for pan-dowdies; and besides, we have got some summer boarders, and we have to give them something else besides pan-dowdies.

TOM. Summer boarders! What do you mean?

MR. ROWE. Your aunt 'Tishy, my boy, is making haste to be rich. She was just crazy and beset to have boarders and nothing I could say would hinder.

TOM. Pater, are you short of money? Isn't the farm paying as it used to? Tell me the truth. Is it on my account that you are doing this? (*Looks from one to the other*)

MR. ROWE. No, no, my boy; it is only your aunt 'Tishy's pride. She wants to have a hand in your spending money, and she will have her head, you know.

TOM. Auntie, dear old auntie, you shan't do this for me.

MISS ROWE. Yes, I shall too, Tom. I want to do it, and besides they are all here now and we can't send them away.

Tom. We'll see about that! Who are they, anyhow?

MISS ROWE. Well, there are Mrs. and Miss Van Cort from New York, rather toney, and two maiden sisters from over to Farmington.

MR. ROWE. And an old bach. who talks to us about Browning, and a tired young thing from the South and a young lady of color. And I don't know how your aunt can reconcile it with her conscience to take their money, for I don't think any of them have got much, except the Southerner.

Tom. Jolly party, eh? Sounds like an Old Ladies' Home. Well, I'll just go and get into my old clothes. It's a farmer's life for me now. We'll have to begin haying Monday, pater.

MISS ROWE. No, don't change your clothes, Tom. You are going to sit at the table with the boarders.

Tom. Well, is that a distinction? What do you and the pater do? Do you sit at table with them?

MISS ROWE. Of course not. We eat in the kitchen. But I want you to sit with them.

Tom. Not much I don't! Believe me! I eat in the kitchen. 'Rah for the pan-dowdy! Come on!

MISS ROWE. Wait, Tom; I'll go and see if everything is ready. [EXIT Miss ROWE D. R.

Tom. Well, pater, how goes the farm? Have you got over your prejudice against scientific farming?

MR. ROWE. No. What does it all amount to anyway? Send a boy to an agricultural college, and he comes home and despises all his father's ways and spends his time analyzing soils and expects the potatoes to grow without any hoeing. I wouldn't hear to any of that foolishness.

Tom. I know it, pater, and so you are trying to make a doctor out of me. Well, it's all right. But who's helping you to run the farm?

MR. ROWE. Well, I have got a first class fellow now, strong as an ox, and takes as much interest as I do myself. Came along one day, and said he was broke and wanted a

job. I didn't know about hiring him that way, but your aunt was taken with him, so he stayed. He's a first class hand, and he can talk you into anything. I have been fool enough to let him plant corn in that old worn out field we were going to turn into pasture. It's no use; corn won't grow there. But he says he will forfeit his summer's pay if it doesn't turn out the biggest yield of corn on the place. I told him though that I would double his wages if he made his word good. That's safe enough.

TOM. I don't know, pater. You may have been rather rash. He may know something about soils.

MR. ROWE. Soils? So do I know about soils; and I know corn won't grow in the South field. (*Goes to window*) He'll lose. There he goes now. (*Calls out of window*) Hey, Ben., come here a minute. (*ENTER BEN D. L., hat in hand*) Tom, my boy, this is— (*TOM gives a start of astonishment, and while his father is staring at him, BEN. shakes his head in warning behind MR. ROWE's back*) What, do you know each other?

TOM. I—I have seen him somewhere. (*Aside*) Strong as an ox.

BEN. At the last football game, wasn't it? I saw you there.

TOM (*choking*). Yes, I think so. (*Bursts out laughing*) I—I can't get over the jokes Silas Partridge told in the stage, pater. (*MR. ROWE eyes TOM; BEN. turns away*)

MR. ROWE. It has taken you some time to see the funny side of them, it seems to me.

ENTER LEONIDAS D. L., *running*

LEONIDAS. Whoopla, Ben! The colt is in your famous corn patch, and by Jiminy ain't he jest akickin' up his heels! The air is full of young corn plants. Gee whiz! I'm out of breath!

TOM. Hello, Lonny, don't you know me?

LONNY. Sure I do; you're our college guy. Get a move on, an' help chase the colt.

MR. ROWE (*cuffs Lonny's ears*). Take that, you young rascal, and mind your manners next time.

LONNY (*darts off shouting*). Oh, you college!

[EXEUNT ALL, D. L.

ENTER MISS ROWE, D. R., *followed after a moment by ALYS.*

MISS ROWE. Come to supper, D'rius and Tom. Why, where are they?

ALYS. They are all chasing the colt out of the South field. The boarders are through their supper, and Marian and I are going to clear away.

ENTER MARIAN, D. R.

MARIAN. Come, Alys.

ALYS. Say, Marian, I'll do up the work tonight if you'll show me how to do my hair like yours.

MARIAN. I'll do your hair, Alys, and help about the work too.

MISS ROWE. Land, Marian, don't give in to her foolishness. Go and do your work, Alys, and let the hair dressing go. [EXEUNT MARIAN and ALYS, D. R.

MISS ROWE. Now isn't that just like Marian? She is a mystery. Anyone can see that she is educated, and yet she works as willingly as any hired help I ever had. Her clothes look stylish, but they are always very plain, and she is modest and well-behaved, and so pretty. If Miss Deacon Blodgett over to Hanley hadn't recommended her I shouldn't know what to think.

ENTER MISS TRYPHENA and MISS TRYPHOSA, D. C.

MISS TRYPHENA. Good evening, Miss Rowe. (MISS TRYPHOSA bows) Tryphosa and I feel grateful to Providence for drawing our attention to your house. It is neat and quiet, and you have such a good cook.

MISS TRYPHOSA (*timidly*). Yes, sister, and she is so very young and—and pretty.

MISS TRYPHENA. "Handsome is that handsome does." I am sure that you have not forgotten that adage, Try-

phosa. But young people are so very thoughtless, are they not, Miss Rowe?

ENTER MRS. and MISS VAN CORT D. C. *The maiden ladies rise hurriedly and offer the sofa, which is rejected. All seat themselves in chairs.*

MISS ROWE. I speak of people as I find them, and Marian has proved very satisfactory. She is a good cook.

MRS. VAN CORT. A good cook? Yes, well enough. But I miss our chef so much. He knew how to make the most delightful entrées.

MISS WILLA. Yes, indeed. It was a pity pa couldn't afford to keep him only just for our dinner party.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa, what do you mean? Don't say foolish things.

MISS WILLA. Why, I thought—

MRS. VAN CORT. Never mind what you thought. Our chef was objectionable in some ways, Miss Rowe. I am sure you understand.

MISS ROWE. Yes, I think I understand.

MRS. VAN CORT. This little farmhouse seems so strange after the way in which we have been used to spending the summer.

MISS WILLA. Yes, ma, it seems so good not to have a room on the sixth floor, and to have a bed all to myself and—

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa! What silly talk! Do go and look out of the window, and be quiet.

MISS WILLA (*goes to window*). Oh, ma, here comes Mr. Amesford. Can't I talk to him?

MRS. VAN CORT. Yes, my dear, you may. Put your hair straight. Young people are so giddy.

MISS TRYPHENA. Miss Van Cort seems to have high spirits. I always try to have Tryphosa act ladylike, and I am sure you wish your daughter to do so.

ENTER MR. BROMFIELD AMESFORD, D. L.

MR. AMESFORD. Good evening, ladies. Miss Rowe, you have a beautiful view from your piazza.

MISS WILLA (*clasping her hands, gushingly*). Oh, ma, I should so like to see it!

MRS. VAN CORT. Perhaps dear, Mr. Amesford would take you to look at it.

MR. AMESFORD. With pleasure. (*Offers arm and turns to Miss Tryphosa*) Will you not come too, Miss Tryphosa?

MISS TRYPHOSA. May I, Tryphena?

MISS TRYPHENA. Certainly, child, as Mr. Amesford so kindly invites you.

MRS. VAN CORT (*aside to Miss Rowe*). How very forward! It was Willa whom he wished to have accompany him.

[*EXEUNT* MR. AMESFORD, MISS WILLA and MISS TRYPHOSA, D. L.]

ENTER ADELINA D. C., *bringing cushions which she arranges in the corner of the sofa. Miss Johnston ENTERS, D. C., and reclines among the cushions.*

ADELINA. Dar, Miss Page, now you'se comfor'ble. I'se gwine to leabe you now, an' fin' dat Lonnydust an' bodaciously box his ears.

MISS JOHNSTON. No, you will not, Adelina. What has the poor boy done?

ADELINA. Done? He ain' done nuffin. He's too lazy to do anything. But he called me names an' I'se gwine to box his ears till dey ring.

MISS JOHNSTON. What did he call you?

ADELINA. He call me fire shubbel an' I call him Bel-lerses; an' he call me Asy Spades an' I call him Belzerbud. S'pose I'se gwine to stan' dat? I'se gwine to fix him.

[*EXIT* ADELINA D. R.]

MISS JOHNSTON. Adelina, come back. Oh, she's gone.

MISS ROWE. Well, I'll go and look after them.

[*EXIT* Miss Rowe D. R.]

MRS. VAN CORT. I am glad I did not bring my French maid. She would have been shocked at such insubordination.

MISS JOHNSTON. Very likely. People with as little personality as your French maid must be easily shocked.

MRS. VAN CORT. What do you mean, Miss? Do you doubt that I employ a French maid?

MISS JOHNSTON. No more than I doubt that you are a lady, dear Mrs. Van Cort.

MRS. VAN CORT. Well, I am glad of that.

ENTER TOM D. R., *pulling along* ADELINA.

TOM. Auntie, where did this little spit-fire come from? I beg your pardon, ladies. I thought my aunt was here.

MRS. VAN CORT. If Miss Rowe is your aunt, young man, she is looking for that girl now.

MISS TRYPHENA. I will go and tell her that the girl is found. [EXIT MISS TRYPHENA, D. R.

MISS JOHNSTON (*rising*). Mr. Thomas Rowe, I presume? (TOM bows) Adelina is my maid. I am sorry she has misbehaved. Adelina, you go up to your room this minute. [EXIT ADELINA, D. C.

MRS. VAN CORT (*rises*). I must look for Willa and Mr. Amesford. Girls are so thoughtless.

[EXIT MRS. VAN CORT, D. L.

MISS JOHNSTON. It seems that I must introduce myself. I am Page Johnston from North Carolina. Won't you sit down, Mr. Rowe?

TOM (*bows*). You are very kind, but—

MISS JOHNSTON. Don't say "but." I am so lonely with all those old ladies that I don't know what to do. They are so absurd. Besides, I want to ask you something.

TOM (*sits, playing with a fan which he has picked up from the sofa*). I am at your service, Miss Johnston.

MISS JOHNSTON. You are a college student, I believe. (TOM bows) At Harvard? (TOM bows again) Ah? indeed! I suppose you know a good many of the college fellows?

TOM. Well, a few.

MISS JOHNSTON. I have been slightly acquainted with several fellows who were Harvard students. I had a distant acquaintance named Edwards—Carleton Edwards. He was on the football team. Did you ever hear of him?

TOM. I—I believe so. Yes, oh yes, I have.

MISS JOHNSTON. Is he still at college?

TOM. No—er—I believe not. He left in the spring, I-er-think.

MISS JOHNSTON. Ah! Well, Mr. Rowe, you have a pleasant home here. That reminds me. I would like to speak to my maid.

TOM. I'll go and send her to you.

MISS JOHNSTON. Oh, thank you.

TOM (*muttering aside, going to D. L.*). Oh, you Mr. Ben Carleton Marsh Edwards, it's a pity you can't lay claim to a few more names. [EXIT D. L.

MISS JOHNSTON. I wonder why he left college. Well, I probably shall never see him again. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes*) But I thought he cared for me. I won't cry over him, so there! [EXIT D. C.

ENTER ADELINA, D. L., *running in, pursued by Tom.*  
*She stumbles over a footstool.*

TOM. Serves you right, you dusky piece of mischief! Why did you run away from me?

ADELINA. Whar's Miss Page? You said she was in de parlor.

TOM. Begging your African Highness's pardon, I said nothing of the kind.

ADELINA. Oh, you fibber, you did. You said my mist'ess was in de parlor.

TOM. Certainly I did.

ADELINA. Dar now! I catch you in one fib anyhow. You said you didn't said so an' den you said you said so. Hi, what you make ob dat?

TOM. See here, now. Is your mistress's name Page?

ADELINA. It suttinly is. Miss Page Johnston ob No'th Ca'lina. I wan' to fin' Miss Page; I wan't to tell her somepin.

TOM. Well, run along before you forgit it.

ADELINA. Fergit it? I reckon I ain' likely to fergit dat dat chap dat's made my Miss Page cry her purty eyes out is right here in dis house. I'se seen him. An' he's

dressed jest as common. Glad ob it! Serbes him right. I'se gwine tell Miss Page. (*She starts off. Tom grasps her by the arm*)

TOM. No, don't tell her.

ADELINA. Shall too.

TOM. You mustn't.

ADELINA. Shall too.

TOM. See here now. If you tell her, she'll go away from here. And then you won't get any of those big water-melons that are growing down in the field.

ADELINA. Is dar? Hones' now? I won't tell her, no sar.

[*EXIT D. C.*

ENTER MISS ROWE, D. L.

TOM. Hello, auntie. Just in time for one of our good old talks.

MISS ROWE. Sit down here, Tom, and tell me all about everything. You know you promised to tell your old auntie when you fell in love. Are you in love yet, sir? Look up, Tom.

TOM. Nonsense, auntie!

MISS ROWE. Tom Rowe, look me in the eye. You can't deceive your old auntie. Who is she, Tom? What is her name?

TOM. How you find a fellow out! Her—her name is—Marian.

MISS ROWE. And who is she, Tom? A good girl, I know, or you wouldn't care for her. But I hope she comes of good people.

TOM. As good as there are, auntie. She is the daughter of minister Sibley over in Hanley. But she has put me on probation for a year. Heavens, auntie! what is the matter?

MISS ROWE. I—I am a little faint, Tom. (*Aside*) Marian Sibley!

TOM. I'll get you some water, auntie.

MISS ROWE. No, no, Tom, don't go into the kitchen. Here, Tom, call Alys. (*Aside*) Marian Sibley!

TOM (*calls off r.*). Alys, Alys!

## ENTER ALYS D. R.

ALYS. Well, Tom Rowe, you can holler as loud as you could when I used to catch you stealing our apples.

Tom. Oh, Abigail Adelaide, it's you, is it? And you've stolen a name instead of apples. Did you think you would never get a new one without stealing it? But my aunt isn't well and you must look after her. What can we do for you, auntie?

Miss Rowe. Just go away now, Tom. Go up stairs. Don't go into the kitchen. Promise me you will go upstairs, Tom.

Tom. Certainly, auntie, if you wish. Take care of her; sweet Abigail Adelaide—er—Alys. [EXIT TOM, D. C.

Miss Rowe. Alys, where is Marian?

ALYS. She is in the kitchen.

Miss Rowe. Send her here. Tell her I want to see her at once.

ALYS. Now 'Tishy, you're put out about something. If you have got any fault to find with that girl I want to know what it is. She is the best and the smartest and the patientest creature I ever see. And she is a born lady.

Miss Rowe. Nonsense, Alys, send her here. (EXIT ALYS D. R.) Doctor Sibley's daughter! I can't understand why she came here. Tom does not know that she is at Rosebrook Farm, and he must not know it.

## ENTER MARIAN D. R.

MARIAN. Alys told me that you wished to see me, Miss Rowe. Why do you look so strangely at me?

Miss Rowe. Marian, why did you come here—to Tom's very home. Was it maidenly to do that?

MARIAN. Tom? I don't know what you mean, Miss Rowe. I know nothing about your nephew; I have not even seen him. What can you mean?

Miss Rowe. Marian, do you dare to tell me an untruth? You do know Tom, and I know it.

MARIAN. Miss Rowe, how can you talk so to me? You have been so kind and I liked you so much! Oh, what

shall I do? I tell you solemnly that I do not know anything about your nephew, only what I have heard here.

MISS ROWE. Oh, Marian, to think that you could be so false! And I have trusted you. But you shall not meet Tom here. I will try to find you another place. In the meantime you must remain in your room. It was unwise and unmaidenly to come to Tom's home, but it was not wicked; but to tell untruths—that is wicked.

MARIAN. Oh, Miss Rowe, I do not know what you mean. Tell me, tell me what I have done.

MISS ROWE. You cannot deceive me. Go to your room. (MARIAN turns away weeping) Oh, my poor Tom!

ENTER ALYS D. R., *pauses and holds up hands in dismay.*

### TABLEAU

ALYS  
R.

MISS ROWE  
C.

MARIAN  
L.

CURTAIN

### ACT II.

SCENE.—*Piazza of Rosebrook farm house. An afternoon, two months later. Hammocks, garden chairs, work table, hassocks, etc. Door at c. leading into house. Steps at R. and L. of piazza leading off stage.* DISCOVERED MRS. VAN CORT, MISS WILLA, MR. AMESFORD, MISS TRYPHENA, MISS TRYPHOSA and MISS JOHNSTON seated, doing fancy work or reading.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Dear Rosebrook Farm. I never expected to love it so much. I could stay here forever.

MISS TRYPHENA. Tryphosa, I am glad you have sentiments that do you so much credit. But young ladies should never use strong expressions. "Forever" is an exaggeration, my dear. Try to express yourself with more propriety.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Thank you, Tryphena, I will try to be more careful.

MRS. VAN CORT. The farm is well enough, and the people are unobjectionable, considering their station. But the cooking is not what it was. I don't see why Miss Rowe let that cook go. She has had two or three since, and I have hardly been able to eat anything.

MISS WILLA. Dear me, ma! You ate seven of those rolls for tea, and so much of that jelly cake that the rest of us had hardly any.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa, be quiet! Young people should be seen and not heard. Did you never hear that?

MISS WILLA. Oh yes, ma, about ten thousand times.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa!

MISS TRYPHOSA. I don't mind about the cooking; I think it is good. But I do miss the young girl who went away. She was always so obliging.

MISS TRYPHENA. Yes, dear, she was. And I am glad you noticed it. Young folks are apt to be so thoughtless about what others do for them.

MR. AMESFORD. I am sure the young person you mention was very superior. As I was passing the window one day I heard her quoting something from Browning. Now that is unusual, you know, in a young woman of that station. I was interested in her from that moment.

MRS. VAN CORT. It is like your kind condescension, Mr. Amesford. But some people presume upon such kindness. (*Glances meaningfully at the maiden sisters*) Willa has been wishing for some of the early apples down by the brook. Perhaps you would take her to gather some, Mr. Amesford?

MR. AMESFORD. Certainly, Madam, Miss Tryphosa, wouldn't you like some too? May she go, Miss Addams?

MISS TRYPHENA. Would you like to go, Tryphosa?

MISS TRYPHOSA. Yes, if you please.

MISS TRYPHENA. Very well, then. Be careful of the wind; it makes sad work with one's hair.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa, do not eat too many apples. Remember now.

MISS WILLA. Nonsense, ma.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa!

[MR. AMESFORD, MISS WILLA, and MISS TRYPHOSA OFF L.

MISS JOHNSTON. Rowe's Brook—I wonder who had the bright thought to give such an appropriate name to the farm?

MRS. VAN CORT. Oh, the nephew, I suppose. He seems to be bright enough, though one hardly ever sees him. But, Miss Tryphena, it seems foolish to me to hear you talk to Miss Tryphosa as if she were a young girl. People will laugh at you. What makes you look at me so?

MISS TRYPHENA (*embarrassed*). Why, I—I—pardon me, I was just thinking the same thing about you, Mrs. Van Cort.

MRS. VAN CORT. Me? You are impertinent! Miss Willa is but a girl compared with Miss Tryphosa. How old, pray, do you take Willa to be? (*She rises*)

MISS TRYPHENA. Not a girl, surely.

MRS. VAN CORT. And is Miss Tryphosa a girl?

MISS TRYPHENA. She seems so to me.

MRS. VAN CORT. How old is Miss Tryphosa, anyway? Fifty?

MISS TRYPHENA (*rising*). She—she is thirty-six. Will you pardon me, Madam, if I inquire Miss Willa's age?

MRS. VAN CORT. Thirty-six!

[MRS. VAN CORT OFF. L. and MISS TRYPHENA OFF R.

MISS JOHNSTON. They both have had their eyes opened at last.

ENTER Miss ROWE, d. c. *from house.*

MISS ROWE. All alone, Miss Page? I thought the other ladies were here.

MISS JOHNSTON. They were until a moment ago. Is anyone going to the post office this afternoon, Miss Rowe? I should like to send for some stamps.

MISS ROWE. I will send the hired man for them, Miss Page.

MISS JOHNSTON. Thanks, so much. Do you know, I think that hired man is a very mysterious personage? I can never get near enough to him to see what he is like.

MISS ROWE. He is quite a remarkable young man for a farm hand. My nephew thinks very highly of him. They are almost inseparable. And my brother says he never had a hand that did so much.

MISS JOHNSTON. What is his name? He reminds me at a distance of some one I knew once. But *he* would never have soiled his hands with work in the fields.

MISS ROWE. His name is Benjamin Marsh.

MISS JOHNSTON. Ah! Do you know, Miss Rowe, I am the most indolent girl in the world, but I like to see energy in others, especially in a young man. The man I marry must not be afraid of work; he must know how to work with his own hands.

MISS ROWE. I suspect, my dear, if you will let me call you so, that there is a young man somewhere who has disappointed you in not working as you would like to see him.

MISS JOHNSTON. You are right, Miss Rowe. He was so provokingly easy and useless, and so sure of me, that one day I told him that it was only my money he wanted so that he could live an easy life. And he rose right up, pale as a ghost, and he said "You seem to be unaware that I have at least as much money as you. And as for work—I will show you that I can work, and you will see no more of me until I bring proofs, that I can work with my hands." Then he strode off high-and-mighty, and I have not heard from him since.

MISS ROWE. Well, my dear, he will come back. He seems to be a young man of the right sort.

MISS JOHNSTON. How good you are to say so. I believe he will come back. But I get tired of waiting.

ENTER MISS TRYPHENA, *from R.*

MISS TRYPHENA. I hope, Miss Page, that you did not think me rude to Mrs. Van Cort.

MISS JOHNSTON. Not at all. I thought she was rude to you, though. By the way, Miss Rowe, what has become of that pretty girl you had working for you when we first came here?

MISS ROWE. Well, she went away. And I have missed her every day. Three girls I have had in the two months, and now I am looking for another. I am about worn out. Excuse me for speaking so; household matters ought not to be mentioned to you. But you have all been so friendly. I—I believe I feel ill.

ENTER MR. AMESFORD, MISS WILLA, MRS. VAN CORT  
*and* MISS TRYPHOSA, *from L.*

MISS TRYPHENA. Dear Miss Rowe, if you would only let us help you. Tryphosa could help about the table, and—and I am a very passable cook. Please let us help you; you have been so good to us.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Yes, please do, Miss Rowe.

MRS. VAN CORT. For mercy's sake! What next?

MISS WILLA. The idea!

MISS ROWE. It is very good of you to offer to do so much. But you are paying for your board. And then ladies like you do not know how to work.

MISS TRYPHENA. Indeed you are mistaken. We do know how to work. We have always done the work of our little home, but this summer we had a small legacy left us, and we determined to spend the season in the country.

ENTER ADELINA, *from R.*

MISS TRYPHOSA. Yes, we had always longed to so much. Now you will let us help you.

MR. AMESFORD. I hope that you will gratify these dear ladies, Miss Rowe.

ADELINA. Yaas'm, grapplepie dem, Miss Rowe. I'll pick de chickens, yaas'm, Oh, my! (*Sings*)

Down in de hencoop on my knees  
I thought I heard de chicken sneeze;  
He sneeze so hard wid de whoopin' cough  
He sneeze his head an' his tail right off.

MISS JOHNSTON. Adelina, for shame! Be quiet!

ADELINA. Yaas'm, dat I will. Jes' as quiet as ole Unc' Mose when de preacher am talkin' 'bout jedgmen', an' Unc' Mose is 'feerd he's got fedders on his coat.

MISS JOHNSTON. Adelina, hush! Go straight upstairs this minute.

ADELINA. Yaas'm.

[ADELINA OFF D. C.

MISS TRYPHENA. Then you will let us help you, dear Miss Rowe?

MISS TRYPHOSA. I think I could make angel cake, Miss Rowe.

MR. AMESFORD. None better, I am sure, Miss Tryphosa. (*Bows*)

MRS. VAN CORT. What's this? Make cake! Willa could do nothing so menial. She could not even make bride cake.

MR. AMESFORD. Doubtless you are right, madam. (*Bows*)

MISS ROWE. You are so good that I cannot resist your kindness. (*Looking off R.*) Here is Silas Partridge! What do you want, Silas?

ENTER SILAS, *from R.*

SILAS. Nothin', ma'am, 'cept to see you an' the other ladies, of course. That'll set me up all right. (*To MR. AMESFORD*) How are you, Sir? You've more than your share of females here, seems to me. (*To Miss ROWE*) D'rius an' Tom down in the corn-field? Beats all how that Ben. o' yourn can make corn grow in that old field. D'rius ought to be proud of that field, but he ain't,—not a bit on it. He's snappish as an old dog. But then I can see that he likes Ben. An' Tom—massy sakes', he an' Ben. are like the Siamese twins, never apart.

MISS JOHNSTON. Yes; that is the only fault I have to find with Rosebrook Farm; one never sees anything of the only available young man.

SILAS. Mus' be a skurse thing to happen when you are 'round, Miss. Guess goin' to college has been too much for Tom, eh, Miss 'Tishy?

MISS TRYPHENA. I am sure Mr. Amesford has been most kind, and has given us a great deal of his attention. How delightfully he reads poetry,—Browning's, you know.

ALL. Oh, yes.

SILAS. Wal, ladies, don't mourn; you can call on me any time. If I ain't here jest send Tom after me.

MRS. VAN CORT. What impertinence! Come, Willa.

MISS WILLA. The idea!

[MRS. VAN CORT and MISS WILLA OFF L.

SILAS. Say, do ye know why the old hen cackled? She was 'feerd the hawk would ketch her. But she needn't 'a been; she was too tough for his crop.

MR. AMESFORD. Ladies, the afternoon is beautiful. Shall we have a game of croquet?

ALL. Oh, yes. How kind you are, Mr. Amesford!

[MR. AMESFORD, MISS TRYPHENA and MISS TRYPHOSA and MISS JOHNSTON OFF R.

MISS ROWE. Silas, you must be careful what you say. They do not understand you.

SILAS. Sorry, ma'am; but so many old maids kinder goes agin me. Did ye know that Doctor Hammett had sent for his niece to come an' live with him, an's promised her all his property? He's come to his feelin's at last. An' he's so proud of her that he can't hardly bear to have her out of his sight.

MISS ROWE. No! Silas, do you know who the doctor's niece is?

SILAS. Should think I did! Didn't I tell her about your wantin' a good girl to help ye? An' warn't she a good girl? Why did ye let her go? But it's lucky ye did; that's what made her uncle give in.

MISS ROWE. Silas! and you knew all the time that Marian was minister Sibley's daughter and the niece of our doctor?

SILAS. Sure thing! I thought of Tom; I was in hopes he might take a shine to her.

MISS ROWE. Silas, they had met somewhere and were in love with each other. And she had put him on a year's probation.

SILAS. Sho, now! Then what made ye send her away? I shouldn't 'a thought Tom would 'a stood it.

MISS ROWE. He didn't know who she was; he never saw her here. And she denied ever having even seen Tom, Silas. She did a very unmaidenly thing to come to Tom's

home, and then she told untruths about it. I sent her away so that Tom shouldn't meet her.

SILAS. An' he never knew she was here; an' she denied knowing' him. Marian ain't the girl to lie; I've knowed her ever since she was so high. (*Measures with his hand. Scratches his head*) There's some mystery here. I'm agoin' to know what it is.

MISS ROWE. Silas, promise me that you will not say anything to Tom about her. Promise, now? Sh! Here are Tom and D'rius.

ENTER TOM and MR. ROWE, from L.

MR. ROWE. You here, Silas? I shall have to look after you, Sis.

SILAS. Sartin, sartin. (*SILAS winks*) Wal, I don't know but what we shall hit it off yit. 'Tishy's been master kind lately.

MISS ROWE. For the land sakes! What do you think of yourself, Silas Partridge?

SILAS. Pooty fair, pooty fair. Ye see, I been flattered up so much by the girls. Wal, D'rius, been lookin' at that corn patch? Beats all how it grows, don't it? What makes ye look so glum over it?

MR. ROWE. Well, the truth is that I didn't judge just right about that field. Ben. knew more than I did. I am a bit puzzled about it, though.

TOM. Perhaps, pater, he has been trying a little scientific farming for you, and is too modest to mention it.

MR. ROWE. Not much! He knows what I think about such nonsense. But you and Ben. are thick as thieves. Best not to get into any mischief.

SILAS. Mischief! Say, D'rius, has Tom told ye that story 'bout the bathin' suits an' the ragman? (MISS ROWE rises hastily. TOM shakes his fist at SILAS)

ENTER ALYS from house pushing LEONIDAS ahead of her. His face and hands are smeared with berry-juice.

ALYS. 'Tishy Rowe, I won't help you another single day if you don't keep this imp out of my kitchen. I found

him in the pantry eatin' berry pie, an' when he see me he give a jump an' knocked down four more. There's five gone. The boarders won't get any for supper. He ain't worth his keep. Such waste!

LONNY. Lemme go! They shan't be wasted; I'll eat 'em.

ALYS. Not much you don't! Tom Rowe, help me hold him.

TOM. Say "Mister Tom" then.

ALYS. I won't. Don't you pinch me, you limb! Tom, help me; I can't hold him.

TOM. I will, if you'll say "Mister Tom."

ALYS. I won't! O-O-oh! Let me once get hold of your hair, you wretch. Ow! Help, Mr. Tom, take this miser'ble scamp. (LONNY has wriggled about in her grasp and smeared her face with his berry-stained hands)

TOM. Here, Lonny, you rascal, Abigail Adelaide doesn't paint; she is pretty enough without it. (Shakes LONNY) Young man, you'll pick berries enough for another batch of pies. And, Abigail Adelaide, I will help you make them.

SILAS. You're too bold, young feller. Abigail Adelaide is my gal. I've been meanin' to ask her for a dog's age. But she'll have me, I know; won't ye, Abigail Adelaide?

ALYS (looking doubtfully at TOM). I dunno. But if I ever do, Silas Partridge, you'll find you've got to do something besides loaf around all day. (ALYS and SILAS looking at each other, DOWN L. TOM grasping LEO's shoulder DOWN R. MISS ROWE with upraised hands, UP R. MR. ROWE holding his sides in merriment, UP L.)

### TABLEAU

MISS ROWE

R.

TOM and LONNY

R.

MR. ROWE

L.

ALYS and SILAS

L.

CURTAIN

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. One month later.* DISCOVERED MRS. VAN CORT and MISS WILLA *on sofa L.*, MR. AMESFORD *seated at window*, MISS TRYPHENA and MISS TRYPHOSA *helping Miss Rowe arrange the flowers.*

MISS TRYPHENA. There! Are the flowers in the right place, Miss Rowe?

MISS ROWE. Yes, they look just right. What a help you ladies have been to me the last month. But I shall never take a cent of board from you.

MISS TRYPHENA. Yes, you will, dear Miss Rowe. Why, it has been a pleasure for Tryphosa and me to help you. Something to do was the one thing needed to complete our enjoyment. We were so used to working, you see.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Yes, indeed! And my angel cake is nearly perfect now, isn't it, Miss Rowe?

MISS ROWE. It couldn't be improved; it is simply perfect.

MR. AMESFORD (*rising hurriedly*). And why shouldn't the angel cake be perfect when a perfect angel makes it? Ladies, Miss Tryphena some time ago granted me permission to pay my addresses to her sister, and last night, our Browning night, Miss Tryphosa, like the angel that she is, consented to make me the happiest man on earth. My dear friends, I hope that you rejoice with me in the announcement which these dear ladies have empowered me to make. (*Takes Miss TRYPHOSA's hand and kisses it; repeats the act with MISS TRYPHENA*)

MISS WILLA. Oh, ma, you told me that it was—

MRS. VAN CORT. Hush, Willa, not another word! (MISS WILLA *covers her face and runs out D. C.*) Miss Tryphena and Miss Tryphosa, I congratulate you upon the success of your devices. Mr. Amesford, I hope you will have no reason to regret the very serious step you are taking.

MR. AMESFORD. Never, my dear madam, never. You are very kind, madam. [EXIT MRS. VAN CORT *proudly* D. C. and MR. AMESFORD D. L.

MISS ROWE. Dear Miss Tryphosa, I am so glad. I do believe you will be very happy.

MISS TRYPHENA. Congratulate me too, my dear Miss Rowe, for I am not to lose my sweet girl. Mr. Amesford has consented to share our little home, and as he has some money, we shall all live very comfortably.

MISS ROWE. I do congratulate you, Miss Tryphena. You deserve every good thing.

ENTER MISS JOHNSTON D. L.

MISS JOHNSTON. May I wish the bride happiness too. I have just heard the good news from Mr. Amesford. (Kisses MISS TRYPHOSA)

ALYS (*in the doorway* R.). And so has everybody else on the place, I guess. I never saw a man so beside himself; he left his Browning out in the dew all last night. (*A crash is heard*) Mercy sakes! Lonny's at his tricks again! [EXIT ALYS D. R. *returning immediately with LEONIDAS scuffling*) Here's this pestiferous boy in mischief again, 'Tishy Rowe. He's broken a pile of plates now, the worthless scamp!

LONNY. I didn't mean to do it, honest Injun, Miss 'Tishy. Honest to goodness I didn't. I was just climbing up to get a letter I hid up in the cupboard. Leggo, won't ye?

MISS ROWE. Let him go, Alys. Where is the letter, Lonny? Who was it for?

LONNY. It was for that New York woman, what do ye call her? I thought I'd hide it a few days to spite her, 'cause she's so bumptious, her and the old one.

MISS JOHNSTON. I think he means Miss Willa.

LONNY. That's the one. The letter was for her.

MISS ROWE. Why, Lonny, don't you know better than to detain letters belonging to other people? Go and get it this minute.

ALYS. And see that you don't break any more dishes,

mind that now! (EXIT LONNY D. R.) I hope he catches it for this, 'Tishy Rowe.

ENTER LONNY D. R.

LONNY. I've caught it all right, and it warn't such a job neither. (*Hands letter to Miss Rowe. Alys tries to cuff him, but he darts under her hands and goes whooping OFF D. R.*)

MISS ROWE. Alys, take this letter to Miss Willa, and tell her that I will explain its delay in reaching her.

[EXIT ALYS D. C.]

MISS TRYPHENA. We have had such a happy summer here, Miss Rowe. How little we suspected what Providence had in store for us when we came.

MISS TRYPHOSA. I shall always love Rosebrook Farm for the happiness I found here.

ENTER ALYS D. C.

MISS ROWE. Did you give Miss Willa the letter and the message?

ALYS. I gave her the letter, but she was so excited over it that I guess she didn't sense anything about the message.

ENTER MRS. VAN CORT and MISS WILLA D. C., *wreathed in smiles.*

MRS. VAN CORT. Allow me, ladies, to introduce to you the future Mrs. Scheydam. Willa has just received a proposal from a very old friend.

ALYS (*aside*). Then he'll be just about old enough for Willa.

MRS. VAN CORT. They have been interested in each other from early youth, but misunderstandings separated them, and he made another choice. But now he is a lonely widower with five sweet children, and his heart has returned to its old allegiance. So Willa is to be a happy bride very soon.

MISS JOHNSTON. We all congratulate you, Mrs. Van Cort, and wish Miss Willa much happiness.

ALL. Oh, yes!

MRS. VAN CORT. I hope no one will suffer the pangs of jealousy at the good fortune of my child. It is such an ignoble feeling.

MISS JOHNSTON. Well, you may set your heart at rest as far as I am concerned, my dear Mrs. Van Cort.

MISS WILLA. I am going to have a fine wedding. Ma says we will have the same chef we had for the dinner party.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa! Young people should be seen and —

MISS WILLA. Ma! If Mr. Scheydam ever says that old saw to me I'll get a divorce; and if you say it to me again before the wedding I'll never get married at all. So there!

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa!

[EXIT d. c. MISS WILLA followed by MRS VAN CORT.

MISS JOHNSTON. They say that one marriage makes many; it seems to be true of engagements.

MISS ROWE. Perhaps, my dear, we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing of yours.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Oh, I hope so, Miss Page.

MISS TRYPHENA. I am sure we all wish Miss Page that happiness.

[EXIT MISS TRYPHENA and MISS TRYPHOSA, d. c.

MISS JOHNSTON. I had such a strange dream last night, Miss Rowe. I dreamed that the corn sheaves which the men have been putting up in the South field, all came walking up the hill two by two. You may imagine how amazed I was. Well, all at once one of them stepped toward me saying "I am Ben. and once you promised to marry me." Did you ever hear of anything so very absurd?

[EXIT d. c., laughing

ENTER MR. ROWE and TOM D. L.

MR. ROWE. Well, Sis, I may as well admit that Ben. has certainly got the better of me. The work in the South

field is done, and we haven't such a crop of corn anywhere on the place. I am puzzled though, I own.

TOM. Well, pater, it is pretty clear to me that you will have to come down with double wages for Ben's summer's work.

MR. ROWE. That's so, my boy. And I don't begrudge it. The corn will square that. But I am nonplussed. A man doesn't like to own himself beaten by a fellow less than half his age on his own farm.

TOM. Oh well, pater, you are generous enough to own yourself mistaken and to give a fellow his due.

MISS ROWE. Yes, D'rius is set enough when he thinks he is right, but if you can convince him that he is wrong, he gives in.

MR. ROWE. But what I can't puzzle out is how he knew that he could raise corn on that ground. When I tried it I hardly got my seed back.

TOM. Perhaps he tried scientific farming, pater.

MR. ROWE. Tom, will you never stop harping upon that string? It's all foolishness I tell you, and it took something more than foolishness to grow that corn.

TOM. Well, pater, the best way to find out how Ben. did it is to ask Ben. himself.

MR. ROWE. All right. Have him come up to the house, if he will. He has hardly been within a row of apple trees of the house this summer except to steal in the back door like a thief. I guess he is bashful before women folks.

TOM (*goes to window and calls*). Lonny.

ENTER LEONIDAS, D. L.

LONNY (*carrying ear of corn*). Tom, see the red ear of corn! Gee, don't you wish you had a girl? Jiminy!

MR. ROWE. Lonny, go and tell Ben. to come up to the house. I want to speak to him.

LONNY. Yep! All aboard! Toot, toot, too-oot!

[EXIT LONNY, D. L.

MISS ROWE. That boy is enough to try the patience of a saint.

TOM. He's a crude youngster. But he may turn out something after awhile.

MR. ROWE. A long while, I guess.

ENTER BEN. D. L., *glancing quickly about room.*

BEN. You wished to speak to me, Mr. Rowe?

MR. ROWE. Yes. Sit down, Ben. I want to congratulate you on the yield of corn in the South field, and to acknowledge that you were right and I was wrong.

BEN. No, Mr. Rowe, you were right. Corn wouldn't grow in that field at the time you said it wouldn't.

MR. ROWE. Nonsense, Ben., do you think I am a sissy to need that sort of taffy?

BEN. It is no taffy. You were right. Corn wouldn't grow there.

MR. ROWE. But it did.

BEN. Yes, afterwards. (MR. ROWE gives an angry snort)

TOM. Better make a clean breast of your iniquity, Ben.

BEN. All right, old chap. Well, you see, Mr. Rowe, the field was there and doing no good. And I fancied that corn could be raised there. I had spent a year at an agricultural college in the line of research. It was a fad of mine. So I sent a sample of the soil to an old professor of mine and he advised me what chemicals the land needed. I supplied them in the fertilizer you allowed me to buy, sir, and—and that is all.

MR. ROWE (rising). By the great horn spoon! Scientific farming! Tom, you unsanctified rascal, you knew about this.

TOM. Only when it was all over but the shouting, pater. Ben told me about it when I came home.

MR. ROWE. Well, I am—

MISS ROWE. D'rius!

TOM. You needn't say it, pater. We know your feelings.

MR. ROWE. You two young reprobates! Now you tell me the truth. When Tom came home it wasn't the first time you had met.

TOM. No, pater, you are right. But I didn't know Ben. was here until I reached home.

MR. ROWE. Likely story!

BEN. It's the truth, Mr. Rowe. And I didn't know you were Tom's father, though I had often seen him at college.

MR. ROWE. So you were at college. And now you are a farmer. What is the mystery? Who is he, Tom?

TOM. Well, he was center on our foot ball team. A great man, pater, a sure winner!

MR. ROWE. No wonder he is strong as an ox. But why did you hire out to farm?

BEN. Well, I had hard luck, and I had to give up college for a while. (*Starts to his feet as Miss JOHNSTON ENTERS D. C.*)

MISS JOHNSTON. Is Miss Rowe—Carleton!

BEN. Page!

MISS JOHNSTON. Why are you here—in those clothes?

BEN. I—oh Page—I am Ben.

MISS JOHNSTON. Ben—Carleton, what does this masquerading mean? Can it be possible—have you been here all summer? Were you the hired man?

BEN. Yes, Page. I have been working as you told me to.

MISS JOHNSTON. But—but you were here before I came; you couldn't have followed me here.

BEN. No, Page, you followed me. (*MISS JOHNSTON covers her face*) Page—Page—(*Holds out his arms*)

MR. ROWE. Wait a bit, young man. Tom, who is this hired-man, college-fellow, center-chap?

TOM. He is Mr. Carleton Benjamin Marsh Edwards, pater. He is the promising scion of an old Boston family, and he has been earning money for the first time in his life.

MR. ROWE. Well, he has earned it, double wages and all. He's a man, every inch of him. But why did you do it, Mr. Edwards?

BEN. Well, Mr. Rowe, the young lady to whom I was engaged told me I could not work and—

MR. ROWE. You have been the best hand I ever had.

BEN. Page! Do you hear that, Page? (MISS JOHNSTON *sobs*)

MISS ROWE (*smooths Page's hair*). There, there, my dear!

BEN. Page, are you satisfied now? (PAGE *rises suddenly and stretches out her arms*)

### TABLEAU

MISS ROWE.

R.

MR. ROWE

L.

TOM

C.

PAGE

R.

BEN.

L.

### CURTAIN

SCENE II. *Same as SCENE I. Next day. DISCOVERED*  
 MISS ROWE, MISS TRYPHENA, MISS TRYPHOSA,  
 MR. AMESFORD and MISS WILLA *talking eagerly*.

ENTER MRS. VAN CORT, D. C.

MRS. VAN CORT. What is this I hear? Carleton Edwards' son?

MISS ROWE. Yes, it is true, Mrs. Van Cort. He has been our hired man this summer.

MRS. VAN CORT. Ah, I always thought that hired man was surprisingly distinguished. How many times I have remarked that, Willa.

MISS WILLA. If you did, ma, you never told me.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa, be quiet. Young peop—

MISS WILLA. Ma, beware!

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa!

MISS TRYPHENA. But, my dear Miss Rowe, how romantic for him to find his young lady here!

MISS TRYPHOSA. And he knew it all summer. I don't see how he waited.

MR. AMESFORD. Mr. Edwards' family are among the

very first. I have just mentioned to young Mr. Edwards how I used to know his father in my young days. (*Sighs*)

MRS. VAN CORT. Then I should think you might have recognized his son.

MR. AMESFORD. Pardon me, madam, I do not see that that necessarily follows.

MRS. VAN CORT. Mr. Amesford's acquaintance with the gentleman in question was probably very slight indeed. Come, Willa, you have your letter to write to Mr. Scheydam.

MISS WILLA. Oh, bother the letter, ma.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa!

[*EXEUNT MRS. VAN CORT and MISS WILLA, D. C.*

MR. AMESFORD. Dear Miss Tryphosa, let us take a walk and talk over this surprising occurrence. Will you not come too, Miss Tryphena?

MISS TRYPHENA. Thank you, Mr. Amesford, but I must be packing as we are going home so soon. Tryphosa I am sure, will be equal to entertaining you.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Thank you, Tryphena.

[*EXEUNT MR. AMESFORD and TRYPHOSA D. L. TRYPHENA D. C.*

MISS ROWE. That will be a happy marriage, I believe.

ENTER SILAS D. R.

SILAS. Good evenin', 'Tishy. All alone? Waitin' for a beau, eh? Well, I'm bespoken, but the right feller'll happen along some day.

MISS ROWE. Silas Partridge! Are you losing what little sense you ever had?

SILAS. No, no, Miss 'Tishy. But I'm gettin' to be a big feller, I tell ye. Was up to see the doctor last night an' make a call on Miss Marian.

MISS ROWE. Marian! Is she happy now? How does she seem?

SILAS. Wal, I don't think she seems very happy. But it ain't the old doctor's fault; he would git her the moon if she cried for it. Old doctor was right on his good behavior; asked 'bout Tom; seemed a good 'eal int'rested when I told him Tom was goin' to be a doctor.

MISS ROWE. I would give anything if I could unravel the mystery about Tom and Marian.

SILAS. Wal, 'Tishy, what'll you give me if I'll help you out?

MISS ROWE. Oh, Silas, have you found out anything?

SILAS. Wal, I dunno's you'd call it anything, but I ruther guess it's the key to the whole sitiuation.

MISS ROWE. Silas, if you can make things clear to me, I'll see to the wedding for you, when you and Alys are married.

SILAS. Done! It's a bargain. Wal, Miss' Tishy, you jest ask Mr. Tom sometime if he ever heard tell of a feller called Clarence Mountford.

MISS ROWE. Well, go on, Silas.

SILAS. That's all. Jest ask him. Goodby, Miss 'Tishy.

[EXIT SILAS D. L.

MISS ROWE. Silas! He's gone! Of all the provoking—

ENTER LEONIDAS D. R., *pursued by ADELINA.*

ADELINA. Here now, you Lonnydust, you jes' gib me dat red ear. I wants it pertickler.

LONNY. So do I. (*Catches up a chair and holds it before him*)

ADELINA. But I wants more dan you do. You dunno what to do wid it.

LONNY. You bet I do; I know a girl—

MISS ROWE. Lonny, stop your talk, do.

ADELINA. Miss Rowe, I want dat red ear bad, 'deed I do.

MISS ROWE. What do you want it for?

ADELINA. I wants it to cunjer wid. [EXIT LONNY D. R., *snapping his fingers*) Ow! He's gone! Here, Lonnydust, you— (*Runs after him. EXITS D. R. Miss Rowe sinks into a chair*)

ENTER TOM, D. L.

TOM. What, all alone, auntie? Now that's jolly! How long has it been since we had a good talk together? And I want to talk to you about Marian. Say, auntie, what

can I do? I can't stand it much longer. The year isn't up until Christmas, but I've got to see her or hear from her some way. She put me on a year's probation because she said we had not been acquainted long enough to know our own minds. I know mine anyway, and I must know hers.

MISS ROWE. Sit down here, Tom. I want to talk about something too.

TOM. What is it, auntie? You look solemn as an owl.

MISS ROWE. Tom, I want to ask you a question. Will you answer it?

TOM. I will, cross my heart. Fire away, auntie.

MISS ROWE. Tom, did you ever hear of a young man called Clarence Mountford? And oh, my boy, what is he to you?

TOM. Why, auntie, he's—he's myself!

MISS ROWE. Yourself, Tom? Oh, Tom, be careful.

TOM. Look here, auntie, what's up? Clarence Mountford was the part I took in the play at our club last Fall. The fellows called me that name for weeks after. You see I pulled off the part rather well. What's to pay, anyway?

MISS ROWE. I am afraid I must pay for an act of injustice. I don't quite see how it all happened, but I fear I have done wrong.

TOM. Nonsense, auntie, you couldn't do wrong. Now let's have our talk.

MISS ROWE. Tom, I can't now. Will you go out and find your father? [EXIT TOM, D. L.

MISS ROWE. This mystery must be cleared up at once.

ENTER MARIAN, D. C.

MISS ROWE (*rising*). You, Marian?

MARIAN. Yes, Miss Rowe, I couldn't rest any longer without coming to you to beg you to tell me why you treated me so.

MISS ROWE. Marian, I was just going to send for you. I have found out something, and I want to know the rest.

MARIAN. I don't know what you mean, Miss Rowe.

MISS ROWE. Did you ever hear of a young man called Clarence Mountford?

MARIAN (*starting up*). Silas Partridge told you. I believed he was a friend to me.

MISS ROWE. Silas told me nothing. But he mentioned the name, and I have been puzzling over it. Won't you answer my question, Marian?

MARIAN. Yes, Miss Rowe, I do know Clarence Mountford. And a nobler young man never lived.

ENTER TOM D. L. *followed by Mr. Rowe.*

MISS ROWE. Has—has he any other name?

MARIAN. Any other name?

TOM. Yes, he has another name, Marian. What a scoundrel you will think me, but upon my honor, Marian, it never occurred to me that you might never have heard my true name during your visit to Cambridge. Marian, can you like plain Tom Rowe as well as you did Clarence Mountford? (*Starts toward her*)

MARIAN. Wait, Clar—T-Tom, I mean, I see it all, Miss Rowe; you thought I came here to be with Tom, and then denied that I knew him. But Tom, why, oh why, did you call yourself Clarence Mountford?

MR. ROWE. Tom, you are a disgrace to the good old name of Rowe. 'Tishy, I see now why Marian left us. 'Tishy, own up now, like a man.

MISS ROWE. D'rius, say anything you like to me. I deserve 'most anything. Marian, can you ever forgive me?

MR. ROWE. How can she forgive such a set of thick heads? Tom, I am ashamed of you.

TOM. I am ashamed of myself, pater. Marian, oh, Marian—

MISS ROWE. Forgive Tom, Marian, if you can't me. (*Sobs*)

MARIAN (*putting arms about Miss Rowe*). It will be easy to forgive both. (*They embrace; Tom and his father shake hands*)

ENTER SILAS, D. L.

SILAS. I thought I'd jest about git here for the blesse-my-childern act.

MARIAN. Silas, you have befriended me again; this tangle of mistakes is smoothed out.

SILAS. Wal, Marian I would do anything for ye; your mother was an angel of light, an' she was not above noticin' a poor boy that come barefut to work for her father. I'll never forgit it. An' you're your mother's own daughter.

MISS ROWE. I thought you had gone home, Silas.

SILAS. Not much! I kinder suspicioned there'd be something doin', and so I hung 'round. An' when I see Marian goin' in to your house, I jest kinder thought it was time for me an' the doctor to have a little talk.

MARIAN. Silas, does my uncle know?

SILAS. Wal, he knows pooty much all about it, I guess. An' he thinks Tom is 'bout the right thing. He's glad Tom's goin' to be a doctor. "I shall have somebody to leave my practice to" sez he.

MISS ROWE. Oh Tom, just what your father and I always wanted!

ENTER BEN. and MISS JOHNSTON, D. C.

Tom (*shaking hands with BEN.*). Congratulate me, old chap; I am the happiest fellow alive.

BEN. No, Tom, my dear fellow, you're blind, that's all.

MISS JOHNSTON. Marian! So there was a mystery after all.

ENTER MRS. VAN CORT and MISS WILLA, D. C.

MRS. VAN CORT. Well, we have got our packing done.

MISS WILLA. It didn't take long to pack the things I've got.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa, be quiet!

MISS WILLA. Well, ma, you know I am perfectly destitute of clothes. Thank goodness you will have to get me some before I am married.

MRS. VAN CORT. Willa!

ENTER MR. AMESFORD, MISS TRYPHENA, and MISS TRYPHOSA, D. L.

MISS TRYPHOSA. Marian here? Oh Marian, have you heard how happy I am?

MARIAN. Yes, and I wish you joy, Miss Tryphosa.

MISS TRYPHENA. We are so glad to see you again, Marian. I hope you have come back to cook.

TOM (*stepping forward and taking MARIAN'S hand*). Yes, Miss Tryphena, but only for me.

MR. AMESFORD. Bless my heart, how romantic! It reminds me of something in Browning.

MRS. VAN CORT. Marry a cook!

MISS WILLA. The idea!

ENTER ALYS, D. R.

ALYS. 'Tishy Rowe, you just come out here and put a stop to this racket, or I'll go straight home and leave you with all the supper dishes to do up.

ENTER ADELINA *quickly*, D. R., *pursued by LEONIDAS*.

LONNY. Here, you stick of licorice, gimme my red ear!

ADELINA. No sar, not much! I'se gwine to cunjur wid dat corn.

MISS JOHNSTON. Adelina, give the boy his property.

ADELINA. Take it den, you fat Teddy bear. But I'll cunjur ye yit.

BEN. Here, Lonny, give it to me. (*LONNY gives it*) Here's a chap that has a use for a red ear. (*Holds it out to TOM*)

TOM. All right, old chap. Friends, Marian and I expect you all to come to our wedding bye-and-bye.

MARIAN. Yes, Tom, all the summer boarders!

TABLEAU

TRYPHENA, WILLA and MRS. VAN CORT  
ADELINA and LEONIDAS

L.

R. MR. and MISS ROWE

C.

MR. AMESFORD and MISS TRYPHOSA

SILAS and ALYS

R.

L.

TOM and MARIAN. BEN. and PAGE.

C.

CURTAIN

## MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

		M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND.	4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY.	5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE.	4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK.	3 Acts; 1½ hours .....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA.	4 Acts; 2 hours....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.)	5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.)	3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

## RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE.	5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES.	3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM.	3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting ..	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER.	5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.)	1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.)	1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

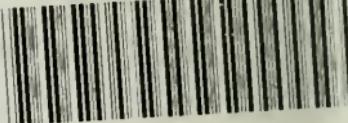
## ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY.	1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION.	1 Scene.....	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE.	1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING.	1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE.	2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT.	1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO.	1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....		8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS.	Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY.	30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS.	20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.)	1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents)	.....	11	8

---

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.



## COMEDIES AND 25 CENTS EACH

0 017 400 924 7

		M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS.	4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE.	3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT.	3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON.	5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER.	2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting .....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW.	5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO.	3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN.	4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN.	3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD.	5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP.	4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL.	4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA.	4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM.	5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING.	4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT?	3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
WHITE LIE.	4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

## WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD.	4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH.	3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11	3
RED ROSETTE.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO.	4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.)	3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

DICK &amp; FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.